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Written for the Lily.

LINES

To a lady, on the death of a lamented sister, in which the author alludes to one whose loss he mourns.

BY J. W. GLIDDEN.

You mourn a sister's loss, and I,
Alas! that dearest friends must die;
How oft are those the soonest lost,
Whom we in life have loved the most.
Sisters most dear when they depart,
How lonely then the widowed heart;
They were with us in childhood hours,
With them we plucked life's blooming flowers,
With them through green-wood haunts we strayed—

Or by the brook's cool margin played;
Through bright paths roved we, hand in hand,
And thought the earth a fairy land,
The sky of blue, with lofty dome,
Where spirits had their happy home.
These blissful hours, they could not last—
Onward through changing scenes we passed,
Saw life in many a varied form,
In summer calm, and winter storm,
And hope still cheered our onward path,
When lo! we met the invader, Death,
Who took the loved ones from our side,
And they, the kind and gentle, died.
In youth's bright morn, the golden bowl
Was broken by Death's stern control,
And loosened, too, the silvery chain,
Which bound them to our hearts in twain.
A mother's love. Ah! who can tell?
And sisters love us quite as well;
Not long ago your mother died,
Your sister now is by her side.
Ah! who can tell how frail the thread,
Which keeps the living from the dead!
We will not call them dead, Ah! no;
To us the change hath made them so.
How narrow may the Jordan be,
Which separates the bond and free,
Its waters soon may round us close,
Our bodies in the grave repose,
Our spirits quickly hasten o'er
To meet the loved on yonder shore.
De Kalb Centre, 1850.

Extracts from Miss Martineau's "Society in America." It will be seen she goes a little beyond the generally received notions of universal suffrage in this land of Liberty.

POLITICAL NON-EXISTENCE OF WOMEN.

One of the fundamental principles announced in the Declaration of Independence is, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. How can the political condition of woman be reconciled with this?

Governments in the United States have power to tax women who hold property; to divorce them from their husbands; to fine, imprison, and execute them for certain offences. Whence do these governments derive their powers? They are not "just," as they are not derived from the consent of the women thus governed.

Governments in the United States have power to enslave certain women; and also to punish other women for inhuman treatment of such slaves. Neither of these powers are "just," not being derived from the consent of the governed.

Governments decree to women in some states half their husbands' property; in others one-third. In some, a woman, on her marriage, is made to yield all her property to her husband; in others, to retain a portion, or the whole, in her own hands. Whence do governments derive the unjust power of thus disposing of property without the consent of the governed?

The democratic principle condemns all this as wrong; and requires the equal political representation of all rational beings. Children, idiots, and criminals, during the season of sequestration, are the only fair exceptions.

The case is so plain that I might close it here; but it is interesting to inquire how so obvious a decision has been so evaded as to leave the women no political rights whatever. The question has been asked from time to time, in more countries than one, how obedience to the laws can be required of women, when no woman has, either actually or virtually, given any assent to any law. No plausible answer has, as far as I can discover, been offered; for the good reason that no plausible answer can be devised. The most principled democratic writers on government have, on this subject sunk into fallacies as disgraceful as any advocate of despotism has adduced. In fact, they have thus sunk from being, for the moment, advocates of despotism. Jefferson in America, and James Mill at home, subsided, for the occasion, to the level of the author of the Emperor of Russia's catechism for the young Poles.

Jefferson says, "Were our State a pure democracy, in which all the inhabitants should meet together to transact all their business, there would yet be excluded from their deliberations,

1. Infants, until arrived at years of discretion.
2. Women, who to prevent depravation of morals, and ambiguity of issue, could not mix promiscuously in the public meetings of men.
3. Slaves, from the unfortunate state of things with us, take away the rights of will and of property."

If the slave disqualification, here assigned, were shifted up under the head of Women, their case would be nearer the truth than as it now stands. Women's lack of will and of property, is more like the true cause of her exclusion from the representation, than that which is actually set down against her. As if there could be no means of conducting public affairs, by which women could mix in promiscuous meetings for polit-

ical business, as well as in meetings for worship, for oratory, for music, for dramatic entertainments,—for any of the thousand transactions of civilized life! The plea is not worth another word.

Mill says, with regard to representation, in his Essay on Government, "One thing is pretty clear; that all those individuals whose interests are involved in those of other individuals, may be struck off without inconvenience. In this light women may be regarded, the interest of almost all of whom is involved either in that of their fathers or their husbands."

The true democratic principle is, that no person's interests can be, or can be ascertained to be, identical with those of any other person. This allows the exclusion of none but incapables.

The word "almost," in Mr. Mill's second sentence, rescues women from the exclusion he proposes. As long as there are women who have neither husbands nor fathers, his proposition remains an absurdity.

The interests of women who have fathers and mothers, can never be identical with theirs, while there is a necessity for laws to protect women against their husbands and fathers. This statement is not worth another word.

Some who desire that there should be an equality of property between men and women, oppose representation, on the ground that political duties would be incompatible with their other duties; but women are the best judges here. God has given time and power for the discharge of all duties; and, if he had not, it would be for women to decide which they would take, and which they would leave. But their guardians follow the ancient fashion of deciding what is best for their wards. The Emperor of Russia discovers when a coat of arms and title do not agree with a subject prince. The King of France early perceives that the air of Paris does not agree with a free-thinking foreigner. The English Tories feel the hardship that it would be to impose the franchise on every artisan, busy as he is in getting his bread. The Georgian planter perceives the hardship that freedom would be to his slaves. And the best friends of half the human race peremptorily decide for them as to their rights, their duties, their feelings, their powers. In all these cases the persons thus cared for feel that the abstract decision rests with themselves; that, though they may be compelled to submit, they need not acquiesce.

It is pleaded that half of the human race does acquiesce in the decision of the other half, as to their rights and duties. And some instances, not only of submission, but of acquiescence there are—forty years ago the women of New Jersey went to the polls and voted, at state elections. The general term, "inhabitants," stood unqualified;—as it will again, when the true democratic principle comes to be fully understood. A motion was made to correct the inadvertence; and it was done without any appeal, as far as I could

learn, from the persons about to be injured.—Such acquiescence proves nothing but the degradation of the injured party. It inspires the same emotions of pity as the supplication of the freed slave, who kneels to his master to restore him to slavery that he may have his animal wants supplied without being troubled with human rights and duties. Acquiescence like this is an argument which cuts the wrong way for those who use it. But this acquiescence is only partial; and, to give any semblance to the plea, the acquiescence must be complete.

That woman has power to represent her own interests, no one can deny till she has been tried. The modes need not be discussed here; they must vary with circumstances. The fearful and absurd images which are perpetually called up to perplex the question—images of women on wool-sacks in England, and under canopies in America, have nothing to do with the matter. The principle being once established, the methods will follow, easily, naturally, and under a remarkable transmutation of the ludicrous into the sublime. The kings of Europe would have laughed mightily, two centuries ago, at the idea of a commoner, without robes, crown or sceptre, stepping into the throne of a strong nation. Yet who dare to laugh when Washington's super-royal voice greeted the New World from the Presidential chair, and the Old World stood still to catch the echo?

The principle of the equal rights of both halves of the human race is all we have to do with here. It is the true democratic principle which can never be seriously controverted, and only for a short time evaded. Governments can derive their just powers only from the consent of the governed.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

CONFESSIONS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY MRS. JOHN SMITH.

CHEAP FURNITURE.

One of the cardinal virtues, at least for housekeepers who are not overburdened in the matter of income, is economy. In the early part of our married life, Mr. Smith and myself were forced to the practice of this virtue, or incur debt, of which both of us had a natural horror. For a few years we lived in the plain style with which we had begun the world. But, when our circumstances improved, we very naturally desired to improve the appearance of things in our household. Our cane seat chairs and ingrain carpet looked less and less attractive every day. And, when we went out to spend an evening, socially, with our friends, the contrast between home and abroad was strikingly apparent to our minds.

"I think," said Mr. Smith to me one day, "that it is time we re-furnished our parlors."

"If you can afford the outlay," I remarked.

"It won't cost a great deal," he returned.

"Not over three hundred dollars," said I.

Mr. Smith shook his head, as he answered—

"Half that sum ought to be sufficient. What will we want?"

"A dozen mahogany chairs to begin with," I replied. "There will be sixty dollars."

"You don't expect to pay five dollars a piece for chairs," said my husband, in a tone of surprise.

"I don't think you can get good ones for less."

"Indeed we can. I was looking at a very handsome set yesterday; and the man only asked four dollars for them. I don't in the least doubt that I could get them for three and a-half."

"And a dear bargain you would make at that, I do not in the least doubt. It is poor economy, Mr. Smith, to buy cheap furniture. It costs a great deal more, in the end, than good furniture, and never gives you any satisfaction."

"But these were good chairs, Jane. As good as I would wish to look at. The man said they were from one of the best shops in the city, and of superior workmanship and finish."

As I make it a point never to prolong an argu-

ment with my husband, when I see his mind bent in one direction, I did not urge my view of the case any further. It was settled, however, that we could afford to re-furnish our parlors in a better style, and that in the course of the coming week, we should go out together and select a Brussels carpet, a sofa, a dozen mahogany chairs, a centre table, &c.

As I had foreseen from the beginning, my husband's ideas of economy were destined to mar everything. At one of the cabinet ware-rooms was a very neat, well-made set of chairs, for which five dollars and a-half were asked, but which the dealer, seeing that he was beyond our mark, offered for five dollars. They were cheap at that price. But, Mr. Smith could not see that they were a whit better than the set of chairs just mentioned as offered for four dollars; and which he was satisfied could be bought for three and a-half. So I went with him to look at them. They proved to be showy enough, if that were any recommendation, but had a common look in my eyes. They were not to be compared with the set we had just been examining.

"Now, are they not very beautiful, Jane," said my husband. "To me they are quite as handsome as those we were asked six dollars for."

From this I could not but dissent, seeing which, the cunning dealer came quickly to my husband's side of the question with various convincing arguments, among the strongest of which was an abatement in the price of the chairs—he seeing it to be for his interest to offer them for three dollars and three-quarters a-piece.

"I'll give you three and a-half," said Mr. Smith, promptly.

"Too little that, sir," returned the dealer. "I don't make a cent on them at three and three-quarters. They are fully equal, in every respect, to the chairs you were offered at five dollars. I know the manufacturer, and have had his articles often."

"Say three and a-half, and it's a bargain," was the only reply made to this by my economical husband.

I was greatly in hopes that the man would decline this offer, but was disappointed. He hesitated for some time, and at last said—

"Well, I don't care, take them along; though it is throwing them away. Such a bargain you will never get again, if you live to be as old as Methuselah. But, now, don't you want something else. I can sell you cheaper and better articles in the furniture line than you can get in the city. Small profits and quick sales,—I go in for the nimble sixpence."

My husband was in the sphere of attraction, and I saw that it would take a stronger effort on my part to draw him out than I wished to make. So, I yielded with as good a grace as possible, and aided in the selection of a cheap sofa, a cheap, overgrown centre table, and two or three other articles that were almost "thrown away."

Well, our parlor was furnished with its new dress in good time, and made quite a respectable appearance. Mr. Smith was delighted with everything; the more particularly as the cost had been so moderate. I had my own thoughts on the subject; and looked very confidently for some evidence of imperfection in our great bargains. I was not very long kept in suspense. One morning, about two weeks after all had been fitted out so elegantly, while engaged in dusting the chairs, a part of the mahogany ornament in the back of one of them, fell off. On the next day, another showed the same evidence of imperfect workmanship. A few evenings afterwards, as we sat at the centre table, one of our children leaned on it rather heavily, when there was a sudden crack, and the side upon which he was bearing his weight, swayed down, the distance of half an inch or more. The next untoward event was the dropping of one of its feet by the sofa, and the warping up of a large piece of veneering on the back. While lamenting over this, we discovered a broken spring ready to make its way through the hair cloth covering.

"So much for cheap furniture," said I, in a tone of involuntary triumph.

My husband looked at me half reproachfully, and so I said no more.

It was now needful to send for a cabinet maker, and submit our sofa and chairs to his handy workmanship. He quickly discovered other imperfections, and gave us the consoling information that our fine furniture was little above fourth-rate in quality, and dear at any price. A ten dollar bill was required to pay the damage they had already sustained, even under our careful hands.

A more striking evidence of our folly in buying cheap furniture was, however, yet to come. An intimate friend came in one evening to sit a few hours with us. After conversing for a time, both he and my husband took up books and commenced reading, while I availed myself of the opportunity to write a brief letter. Our visitor, who was a pretty stout man, had the bad fault of leaning back in his chair, and balancing himself on its hind legs; an experiment most trying to the best mahogany chairs that were ever made.

We were all sitting around the centre table, upon which burned a tall astral lamp, and I was getting absorbed in my letter, when suddenly there was a loud crash, followed by the breaking of the table from its centre, and the pitching over of the astral lamp, which, in falling, just grazed my side, and went down, oil and all, upon our new carpet! An instant more, and we were in total darkness. But, ere the light went out, a glance had revealed a scene that I shall never forget. Our visitor, whose weight, as he tried his usual balancing experiment, had caused the slender legs of his chair to snap off short, had fallen backwards. In trying to save himself, he had caught at the table and wrenched that from its centre fastening. Startled by this sudden catastrophe, my husband had sprung to his feet, grasping his chair with the intent of drawing it away, when the top of the back came off in his hand. I saw all this at a single glance—and then we were shrouded in darkness.

Of the scene that followed, I will not speak. My lady readers can, without any effort of the mind, imagine something of its unpleasant reality. As for our visitor, when lights were brought in, he was no where to be seen. I have a faint recollection of having heard the street door shut amid the confusion that succeeded the incident just described.

About a week afterwards, the whole of our cheap furniture was sent to auction, where it brought less than half its first cost. It was then replaced with good articles, by good workmen, at a fair price; not one of which has cost us, to this day, a single cent for repairs.

A housekeeping friend of mine committed, not long since, a similar error. Her husband could spare her a couple of hundred dollars for re-furnishing purposes; but, as his business absorbed nearly all of his time and attention, he left with her the selection of the new articles that were to beautify their parlors and chambers, merely saying to her—

"Let what you get be good. It is cheapest in the end."

Well, my friend had set her heart on a set of chairs, a new sofa, centre table, and what-not, for her parlors; and on a dressing bureau, mahogany bedstead, and wash stand, for her chamber, besides a new chamber carpet. Her first visit was to the ware-rooms of one of our best cabinet makers; but his prices completely frightened her—for, at his rate, the articles she wanted would amount to more than all the money she had to spend, and leave nothing for the new chamber carpet.

"I must buy cheaper," said she.

"The cheapest is generally dearest in the end," returned the cabinet maker.

"I don't know about that," remarked the lady, whose thoughts did not take in the meaning of the man's words. "All I know is, that I can get as good articles as I desire at lower prices than you ask."

It did not once occur to my friend, that

be wisest to lessen the number of articles, and get the remainder of the first quality. No; the heart covered the whole inventory at first sale out, and nothing less would answer. So she went to an auction store and bought inferior articles at lower prices. I visited her soon after. She showed me her bargains, and, with an air of exultation, spoke of the cost.

"What do you think I paid for this?" said she, referring to a showy dressing-bureau, and, as she spoke, she took hold of the suspended looking glass, and moved the upper portion of it forward. "Only seventeen dollars!"

The word had scarcely passed her lips, ere the looking glass broke away from one of the screws that held it in the standards, and fell, crashing, at our feet!

It cost just seven dollars to replace the glass. But, that was not all—over thirty dollars were paid during the first year for repairs. And this is only the beginning of troubles.

Cheap furniture is, in most cases, the dearest that housekeepers can buy. It is always breaking, and usually costs more, in a year or two, than the difference between its price and that of first-rate articles; to say nothing of the vexation and want of satisfaction that always attends its possession. Better be content with fewer articles, if the purse is low, and have them good.

INTEMPERANCE.

In ancient times a kingdom was invaded by a foe which seemed resolved to ruin the whole nation. It stationed its forces in every town and city and sought every means to destroy the people and ruin their prosperity. Indeed thousands were annually killed and their wives and children left in destitution. For this foe possessed such power over those whom it selected for its victims as to induce them by degrees to give up what they possessed, knowing too, that they must eventually become a prey to their insatiable thirst for blood. And yet, strange to say, the king made no effort to exterminate the foe, and the subjects folded their hands and sat down in despair; although by one united and powerful effort, they might have utterly extinguished this destroyer, which desolated hearth-stones, crushed hearts, closed the grave over myriads of victims, and robbed the kingdom of its strength and its wealth. And who shall say that we have not such a foe in our midst? Let us for a moment contemplate *Intemperance*, the greatest curse to all our social, religious and political interests, and see if it is misnamed. Who can penetrate the depth of misery of thousands of families whom this destroyer has made wretched and desolate? Who can count the heart-rending sighs and piercing cries of those who writhe under the torments inflicted by it? Endless tales of wretchedness and suffering remain unknown, while but the overflowing of wretchedness, is wafted upon the breeze—but the outpouring lava which points to the torturing volcano and anguish within. Even these, oft-times remain unseen, save in the circles of those many families where the death-blow has been given. The tortures of those suffering ones, when the conviction slowly and unwillingly fastens upon them, that a loved one has yielded to a power mightier than himself, may for years be unknown to the world. Oh! what conflicts with truth to one's self, with principle, with pride, this Enemy causes, while yet the wish remains to hide the knowledge of this habit from the world. And from this point onward through the history of a drunkard, there is reserved for those who love him a cup of unmingled bitterness to be drained—days of care and anguish, and nights of weeping and watching. Eventually that concealment, so long sought, it found impossible. The staggering step, the besotted appearance of the drunkard, and the despair and heart-consuming anguish of the family, can no longer be concealed.

And now witness its work, breaking hearts, crushing hopes, reducing to penury and want thousands who once adorned respectable society. Behold its increasing destroying effects—yearly

driving its sufferers lower in the scale of poverty, and wretchedness, and reducing its victims to greater depths of sottishness and depravity. But who can follow them through their career of shame and sin; who look into the homes and bleeding hearts of the thousands of families made thus to suffer? Oh! could a full revelation be made of the squalidity, the wretchedness, and suffering of rum-destroyed families—could the hidden burthens of their grief be revealed—the crushed hopes of wives and mothers—the disgrace and want of shame-stricken children—a history would be written whose pages would burn with shame and sin.

Did the effects of this all-destroying habit cease in its immediate victims—although they were led on through all its dreadful stages until disease, and insanity, and tremens, and the grave closed the scene—far less ruinous would it be than it now is. Truly is the "sin of the parent visited upon the children, to the third and fourth generation." Probably most of us have witnessed this verification, in the idiotic or stupid offspring of drunken parents—living witnesses of the brutality and lust induced by the demoniac stimulation of alcoholic drink. And thus through successive generations these unfavorably constituted and unhappily organized victims of Nature's violated law, pass through the world in a greatly increased ratio.

Another of the most unfavorable effects of Intemperance is the entire barrier which it presents to the progress of purity in morals and religion.—It is an unavoidable effect of alcoholic stimulation, to blunt, and eventually, it persisted in, destroy the fine religious susceptibilities. Fearfully adverse to the progress of genuine religion, is a community which is given to the free use of strong drink. These habits must be abandoned, and these desires be overcome before the pure and lofty spirit of Christianity can work a happy change in the mind.

Then, too, the fearful results which the destroyer has upon the *physical* powers of its worshipers—the sad ravages and fearful inroads which it makes upon the constitution! The unfitting for every honorable and useful vocation of life! The utter unfitness for moral control and the guidance of reason—the abandonment to the baser passions—the aptitude for the commission of crime are among its most objectionable results. If at times of delirious ravings, the inebriate is not guilty of the commission of awful crimes it is not that the weapon of death is not placed in his hands, and the disposition possessed, but that fortunately he has a clear sea and meets no obstacles.

Oh! how fearfully guilty is the drunkard.—There is no palliation for his offence, who voluntarily yields himself a victim, and consents to crime. But in our condemnation of the inebriate we can find no language which can tell the guilt of him who furnishes the instrument for the commission of all crime—who destroy the reason and moral guidance of man and gives him insanity and the assassin's torch. The contrast between the man of high moral character and uprightness of principle, and who follows an honorable, because useful vocation, and him who barter away the souls and bodies of men, reduces to beggary wretchedness and woe thousands of families, and is the direct instrumentality for the commission of the most fearful crimes—and all for a few handsfull of coppers, is very great. In proportion to the disrepute in which the Traffic is held by a respectable community, the character of those engaged in it sinks. It is known, even by those who pursue it, to be a dishonorable business, and men of respectability can not be found to engage in it.

In view of all the evil results which flow from the stream of Intemperance without one iota of good which it can accomplish, what voter, what politician, can consent to let so great a foe to every interest which is near and dear to man, remain longer in our midst? And yet as a political evil we have considered it. If it is an evil of this character, that should offer the strongest inducement of any, to politicians, for endeavoring to

make an application of Law for its removal. It is directly and indirectly at variance with all the means for the establishment of public good, and with every source of political prosperity.

"The wealth of a State is as the capital and means, and vigorous, healthful, industrial faculty, of its constituent members." Here we see the relation which this Traffic bears to the public prosperity. Ascertain the millions that are expended for these pernicious beverages. And this is not drawn alone from the consumer of these, but every tax-payer ultimately has his share of the burthen to bear. And these millions are not only so much lost to a commonwealth; it has become a most productive investment, increasing in an inverse ratio. Its fruits are losses of every kind—vagabondism, pauperism, poverty, idleness and crime, which could not be computed; yet all these are so much lost. How can the loss to a State, in the health and wealth, the wreck of talents and virtue, the sacrifice of character of its citizens, be estimated? And yet these are but a few of the ways in which rum robs a nation. To restrict such an enemy, in proportion to the evil which it does, is the duty of every voter and the duty of every friend of Temperance.

L. A. JENKINS.

A SHORT SERMON FOR PARENTS.

It is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had early endeavored to teach him three things; obedience, diligence and truth. No better advice can be given by any parent.

Teach your children to obey. Let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin to soon. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of the child's character.

Teach your child to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than an idea which parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children to work.—Play is a good thing; innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as in other things. But let them early learn to be useful.

As to truth, it is the one essential thing. Let everything else be sacrificed, rather than that.—Without it what dependence can you place in your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself which may countenance any species of prevarication or falsehood. Yet how many parents do teach their children the first lesson of deception.

The ladies of Cincinnati have been holding a Temperance Convention, and among other proceedings, resolved to collect and publish the names of women and children made destitute by intemperance.

COLLEGE FOR LADIES.—In the new college about to be opened at Glasgow, Scotland, ladies' classes are to be formed under professors and lecturers in all the various branches of polite literature.

HEALTH MAXIMS.—Children should be taught to use the left hand as well as the right.

Children under seven years of age, should not be confined over six or seven hours in the house, and that should be broken by frequent recesses.

The best beds for children are of hair, and in winter, of hair and cotton.

Young persons should walk at least two hours a day in the open air.

Children should sleep in separate beds, and should not wear night-caps.

Coarse bread is much better for children than fine.

Written for the Lily.
MY COUSIN SOBRINY JANE.

I have not forgotten my promise, dear reader, to tell you something of this remarkable personage. Having in a measure disgraced the whole family, by laying bare the household arrangements of my cousin Barbary, I must now, as far as possible, redeem our reputation, by giving you some account of "a cousin whom I am proud to own," of quite an opposite character. Well, here she is; how neat, plain and tasteful in her whole appearance, with her clean collar and cuffs, and her hair so smooth and evenly parted. She is always just so—not merely when she is expecting strangers—but every morning she and all her children make their appearance at the breakfast table, thoroughly bathed, combed, and well dressed. She rises at five, plunges into a tub of cold water, and all the young fry follow her example. She takes the entire charge of her children; no hiring is allowed to torture or pervert their loving natures, and in their mother's opinion, they rank higher than house or furniture, dress or company. But here they are seated at the breakfast table. Was ever table more nicely arranged. The table is straight!! and the table cloth, too!! and every plate, and knife, and fork, and dish, is placed with mathematical exactness. Only see, the dishes of meat, potatoes, omelette, and baked pears form a perfect diamond, and there is a goblet of flowers in the centre, for in the season of flowers Sobriny always decorates her table. She loves to combine as far as possible the spiritual and animal wants of our nature, her aim being to elevate the animal. She strives to spread her table with healthful, well-cooked food, and then it is her wish that conversation shall turn upon other subjects than the viands before them. As a household they eschew all fault-finding out of time and place. Reader, is it not foolish to look sour and complain after your meat is before you, and it is too late to remedy a mistake, an overdone, or an underdone steak? To guard against this kind of table-talk each one makes it a point to have something pleasant to tell. Every child, by a little previous preparation, has an anecdote to relate, and thus they are taught the art of conversation, and the much higher art of regarding the pleasures of the intellect, even at the table, quite above those of the mere animal. It is a rule with them, to eat what is set before them, asking no questions. O, yes! Sobriny does always ask one question: If the sugar is free from the tears and the blood of the poor, crushed slave. She will eat no sugar, wear no cotton, raised by slaves. But before leaving the table, I must tell you about Sobriny's manner of treating her table cloth, which is always snowy white, and ironed as smooth as glass, without a wrinkle in it. Well, she does not snatch it up, as most people do, all in a bundle and crumple, and give it a shake out of the back door; oh, no, she takes a brush and small server and brushes off all the crumbs, and if any slovenly person has dropped meat, potato, or tomato, in the transit from plate to mouth, she takes it up very carefully with a knife, and rubs it with a clean cloth, and then folds it up, always in the same folds, and thus she manages to have her table cloth look fresh and clean for several meals. Any thing but a dirty table-cloth, and any thing but careless visitors, who are forever knocking over cups of tea and gravy boats. Verily, such people ought to be sent back to the nursery and fed with a pap spoon, until they can learn to eat in a Christian manner.

But, reader, Sobriny is the very pink of order and neatness all over the house. Her garret is scrubbed, and every thing moved twice a year. She hoards up no old things that she will never use, to furnish food for moths, but gives away to those who need, whatever she does not want. Her bureau drawers, wardrobes, chests and pantries, all look just as if she had arranged the things so tastefully and orderly. Her cellar, too, is so sweet and clean, all white-washed, windows open, safe and swing-shelf scoured as white as milk, and the vegetables all cooped up in boxes;

and the stands, the pounding barrel and wash-tubs all in a row, like so many criminals, with calm resignation awaiting the sentence of another dreaded washing day.

But Sobriny has her faults, she often sacrifices convenience to order. She once, on a visit to me, saw fit to re-arrange my china closet, and I must say, I never until that day had any idea of the extent and beauty of my porcelainous possessions. There was perfect method and harmony throughout; the various piles of plates were transformed into so many lines, the cups and saucers, silver forks and spoons, were drawn up on their respective shelves, with military precision, and if, reader, I had had nothing to do but play in my china closet, I should have enjoyed keeping it in that beautiful order. As it was, in the midst of numerous engagements, I did keep it up to the mark for some time, but finally remodeled it on a more democratic plan; for, only think of the inconvenience of having all the plainest dishes, which we used "every day," banished to the most shady nooks and corners. It was with the greatest difficulty I could coax them out again, so fully impressed had they become of their marked deficiencies by this temporary banishment. Then, too, whenever I wanted a large plate, I was obliged, first to take down two or three stories of various sizes, gradually descending from the top to the bottom of the line. But all this only shows the dangerous tendency of the human mind to extremes. The truly comfortable housekeeper must strike the line somewhere between my two cousins, inclining rather to Sobriny than Barbary.

Mrs. E. C. Stanton
 Written for the Lily.
HOW THE LADIES WORK IN LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.

The ladies of Eastland got up a mass Temperance meeting on the 28th inst., which was held in a beautiful open woodland, on a sloping hill side near "Freedom Hall." A stand tastefully decorated with flowers and mottoes, was erected for the speakers—seats were placed within, and carriages arranged around a circle which enclosed more than a thousand persons. At half past ten the President, Mrs. M. A. Harlan, and other officers, all women, took the stand. The young ladies of the neighborhood then came forward bearing in their front a beautiful temperance banner, which they presented to the Sons of Temperance, accompanying it with an appropriate Address, to which Mr. Lewis responded in an earnest, emphatic manner. Mrs. H. M. Darlington then occupied half an hour, describing the evils of drunkenness, the causes which produce it, and the necessity of individual activity to promote the temperance reform. Adjourned to partake of a sumptuous dinner, which was spread on a long table covered by a clean white cloth, upon which the animal, vegetable, pie and cake kingdoms were most faithfully represented, and from which the multitude was fed. The order, neatness, and despatch with which it was accomplished, did great credit to the ladies through whose care and labor the feast was so tastefully prepared and promptly served.

At 2, P. M., the speaking again commenced. Miss S. Pierce enlarged upon the sinfulness of indulging in the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, the great responsibility resting upon those who in any way afford support to the liquor traffic, and the necessity of total abstinence. Miss A. Preston described in glowing colors the danger of indulging the animal appetite, and the duty of restraint, and closed with a beautiful appeal on behalf of temperance, to the higher feelings of humanity. Mr. C. Darlington alluded to the necessity of legal restraint, canvassing the most expedient plan of obtaining a prohibitory law. Mr. E. Brown spoke of the advancement of reforms, the capabilities and sphere of women, and the healthful influence of rightly directed intellectual and moral effort. Mr. S. Preston closed by a congratulatory upon the good order, great attention and interest, manifested in the proceedings of the meeting by those collec-

ted, and an exhortation to good works. and singing relieved the tedium of continuous dresses. The meeting closed about 6 o'clock. M. All were joyous, for certainly the most tedious could not have the conscience to complain, amid the glory of that day's autumnal sky, the beauty of the woods, and the heart-felt sympathy and social happiness expressed by so many cheerful countenances.

Kennett Square, Pa., Sept. 30, 1850.

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

NOVEMBER, 1850.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

We designed in our last paper making some remarks on an article written by "E. C. S." which cast some reflections upon the "Sons of Temperance;" but owing to indisposition and want of time neglected doing so. As some of our good friends, who are of that order, think it does them injustice, we propose saying a few words on the subject.

E. C. S. is an enemy to all secret societies, and would, no doubt, condemn them whether their deeds were good or evil. Our objections go not so far, when relating to the "Sons of Temperance." We fully believe that a well organized society of true and determined temperance men, could do as much, and more, for the cause than the "Sons" are doing; yet if they feel that they can in their way do more, or better, we have nothing to say against it. We care nothing for their secrets, and have no curiosity to learn them, if we could. We are as willing that our other half should attend and take part in a weekly temperance meeting at the "Sons Hall," as in a meeting house; and we care not how "jovial" he may be, how many "jokes" he may "crack," or how many "songs" he may "sing," so long as the only stimulus to such follies is pure cold water. If he must seek companionship beyond his own home, much rather would we that he should seek it there, than in our recesses and "holes in the wall," where too many calling themselves friends of temperance lounge away their time, and by their influence sustain these gate-ways to destruction.

If we could see good growing out of the "order," we should give them our hearty approval, and bid them God speed on their mission of love to their fellow-men. If we could see them manfully sustaining the principles upon which they are founded, and to which they are pledged, and bravely throwing themselves in battle array before the enemy, determined to fight like good soldiers till they have vanquished the foe—then we should point proudly to them as a noble "band of brothers," destined to deliver their country from the most cruel and despotic tyrant that ever ruled over any nation. But alas! we see them not so doing. However good their intentions, or however zealous they may have been at their organization, they have grown lukewarm—yea, cold and dead. They may talk temperance, pass temperance resolutions, and sing temperance songs at their meetings, but when they leave their halls they leave their zeal there too, and the world knows as little of their resolves as it

"pass words." The enemy openly bids them do their worst, while the tempter boldly takes its place upon the shelves of our bar-rooms and grogeries, in defiance of the law, and there it remains unmolested. Temperance men, although boasting themselves a great army, have not courage to strike a blow for its overthrow.

This being the state of things, we cannot but join with E. C. S. in asking "how many Sons of Temperance would it take to crush one rumseller?" especially when the rumseller is selling without a license. "What practical good do they propose to do—and what are they doing?—We should like to see some of the fruits of their labor; but we look for it in vain.

It is not the "Sons" alone, however, that we would censure. The same apathy pervades the entire temperance ranks. The party is strong enough to overthrow the rum power in one year, if they would only act like honest, consistent men, and "resolve in a committee of the whole, that the cursed traffic should cease." But they lack resolution—they lack courage to meet the drunken foe. Political party ties are strong, and they would rather "our party's" drunken candidate should triumph, than the sober minded, clear headed candidate of their opponents. Rumsellers hold their heads as high as honest men, and extend the hand of greeting, which the temperance man, not having courage to shrink from, cordially grasps. The poor, suffering wife of the drunkard, and her worse than orphan children, are forgotten. The warnings uttered by the many fearful accidents and great loss of life which are daily wafted to their ears, pass unheeded. The danger awaiting their sons, and the misery in store for their daughters, arouses them not to action.

"But," says a friend, "if they keep sober themselves, and in their own practice carry out the temperance principle, they are deserving of credit." We give them no credit for keeping sober. Every man is in duty bound to be a *sober man*; and while he who so far degrades his manhood as to stoop to the debasing practice of selling or drinking the intoxicating beverage, is deserving of the rebukes and scorn of the temperance community, the temperance man can claim no credit for being what his duty to his God, to himself, and to his fellow men, requires him to be. Temperance men have a work to perform which requires their unceasing labor. Their joining this or that order or organization, amounts to nothing, if they carry not with them strength and zeal, and a hearty determination to fight till the last for the deliverance of their country from the blighting curse which rests upon it. "Sons of Temperance" have made greater professions than others, and placed themselves in a position which draws all eyes to them. They must not complain, then, if, when they abandon their principles, and desert the standard they have raised so high, the people should begin to enquire what they are doing, and what they propose to do, towards putting a stop to the cursed traffic. It would be well for them to ask themselves the question.

Please send along the letter you promised us, Mrs. Nichols. We are so anxious to

A Rank Nuisance.

That man will smoke, is sadly true; but it is none the less clear that some regard should be paid by smokers to fitness of time and place, in view of the convenience or annoyance of others. Nearly every day we encounter in the Harlem cars, smokers who persist in standing on the front or rear platform (usually the former) and puff; puffing, although the door be open and a strong current of air be drawing the ejected smoke into the faces of afflicted women and children. If this is not meanly, sottishly selfish, what could be? The company or its conductors fail of doing their duty in permitting this nuisance to pass unrebuked or unabated.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

The practice of smoking in the streets, cars, or any other *decent* place, is indeed a "rank nuisance," and we know of nothing more "meanly, sottishly selfish," unless it be getting drunk; both of which practices our superior (!) man, has the honor of glorying in, and setting the example.

But there is a still greater nuisance connected with the filthy practice of using tobacco, than that complained of by the Tribune, and that is *spitting*. "No smoking allowed in the cars," is conspicuously posted in all the carriages on our rail roads. This is all right, but if they had added no *spitting* allowed, they would be much more entitled to the thanks of the ladies. A woman can hardly take a seat in the cars, or any other public place, without having her dress dabbled in tobacco juice, the stains of which cannot be erased. Lecture rooms, and churches are besmeared with the filthy stuff; house floors, stoves, and carpets are not exempt from a free sprinkling of the nuisance. Indeed we believe there is no decency among tobacco smokers or chewers. They care for nobody's comfort but their own, and will persist in emitting their smoke and spittle wherever they chance to be, to the great annoyance, not only of "women and children," but also the more decent of their own sex. We can get along with the former, better than the latter, for if a smoker stop too long near us, we can ask him to leave, or refrain from puffing till he is ready to go. But setting down in a puddle of tobacco juice, or having our floor and stove besmeared with it, is too much for our patience.

We do wish women had influence enough over their husbands to induce them to abandon the use of the filthy weed, and enough over their sons to prevent their becoming addicted to such a low and dirty habit.

We will not give up *beat*, yet, Mrs. Beatty; for though you may "do the work for eight or nine in the family," and edit your paper, you have not, in addition to all that, the entire responsibility of the publishing and financial departments also on your hands, as have we; neither do you discharge the duties of deputy postmaster. You can perform your round of household duties uninterrupted, and then at evening, when the little ones are all in bed, you can sit down quietly and write your editorials. Whereas our office requires of us a good part of the day, and the entire evening; and our house work must be done at intervals. We admit that you have a great task to perform, and are glad to see that you do it with so good grace; but we are not willing to yield the point of precedence to you.

THE WORCESTER CONVENTION.

The proceedings of this Convention, which are published in full in the New York Tribune, are highly interesting, and reflect great credit upon the many noble women who were actors therein. The house was so crowded, through the entire three days; that many were unable to get seats. Everything went off "gloriously," and none but those blinded by ignorance or prejudice could find it in their hearts to ridicule aught that was said or done. Gladly would we publish the report in full, would the limits of our sheet permit. Sorry are we that so many papers refuse to lay the subject before their readers, and allow them to judge for themselves of the justness of the claims made by the agitators of this movement. This is the fourth Convention of the kind that has been held. We hope by the time we have had four more, that even *such highly respectable papers* as the NEW YORK HERALD, and the PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY GAZETTE, will have made sufficient progress to lay aside their ridicule—a weapon so powerless on earnest souls—and aspire to think and reason soundly and soberly on this important question.

The Daughters of Temperance in Oswego, held a festival some two weeks since which is said to have been a very pleasant affair. It is a little more than two years since the Union of Daughters was organized, and they have now become a numerous and influential body. The large Hall in which the Festival was held was crowded to excess by the most respectable citizens of the city. An address, appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Weed, and an original Poem read by Mrs. Mary C. Vaughan, which added much to the interest of the festival. It is very fine, and does great credit to the author.—The Hutchinson Family, and a brass Band honored the occasion with their presence. Every thing went off in fine style, both in the Hall and supper room, and the guests retired well pleased with all they had seen and heard.

It does the heart good to know, that there are in some parts of our state, both men and women who are actively alive on the subject of temperance. These places are like green spots on a desert waste, and serve to keep the weary laborer in the cause, from becoming discouraged or fainting by the way.

Our thanks, Mr. Cayuga Telegraph, for your compliment, and we are glad that you like our *politics*. We shall be most happy to make the acquaintance of your "lady readers," and will give them a hearty welcome to our circle. And if there are any of your *gentlemen* readers who think a *woman's* opinion worth listening to, we will make room for them also—provided they will keep silence, and pay all due attention while we talk.

A number of spirited women in Fulton, having become disgusted with the inefficient action of temperance men, have themselves complained of the violation of law, by the rumsellers in that place. Some five or six complaints have been entered, but only one as yet been brought to trial. "A large number of most respectable ladies attended the trial in person."

"RULING A WIFE."

Our readers will remember that in noticing the appearance of Arthur's Home Gazette, a month or two since, we spoke approvingly of a story entitled "Ruling a Wife," which was published in that paper, and expressed the wish that Mr. Arthur would continue to display such "pictures." At the time of writing the notice, we had read but part of the story, and judged of the end by the beginning. As it progressed, however, our opinion of it changed very materially, and we were obliged to dissent from the views of the author. The length of the story forbids our publishing it entire; but for the want of something better with which to fill our paper, we propose giving our readers a brief abstract of it, and also copies of letters on the subject, written by ourself to the author, T. S. Arthur, Esq., for whom, by the way, we entertain the highest sentiments of respect and esteem.

Mr. Lane, the hero of the story, was an overbearing, lordly husband, who looked upon his wife as in every respect his inferior, and from whom he exacted the most perfect submission. She must in all cases, where they differed, yield her opinion to his, and take his will for her law. Though feeling this to be unjust, she forebore telling him so, and long submitted, without complaining, to his dictation, even when she well knew that she was right, and he wrong. His desire to rule increased with time, and time also opened her eyes more clearly to a sense of her abject slavery. One child was given them, and the father made it his business to direct in the management of the nursery, and to order this and that treatment for the child, contrary to the better judgment of the mother. Her dormant spirit was at length aroused, and she stood up for her rights. A scene ensued, which ended in his telling her that she must submit, or leave his house—he little dreaming that she would choose the latter alternative. He knew not the strength of the spirit he had aroused, and was therefore not a little surprised on returning home to dinner, to find that she had fled with her child. Surprise and regret soon gave way to anger. It was a wife's duty to obey, and he would make no concessions to induce her return. He doubted not she would soon repent and return to her duty, and was greatly disappointed when night came, but no wife. The next day brought her not, but it brought repentance to him. He now admitted to himself that he had treated her unkindly and unjustly—that he had not regarded her feelings, or treated her opinions with due consideration. He wished her back—but where could he find her?

In the meantime, Mrs. Lane, with her child, had taken the cars for Philadelphia. She had not reflected upon her course, and had no definite plans for the future. To prevent her husband regaining possession of her child, was her great object, and occupied all her thoughts, till she was ushered, at night, into the great city. Here she found herself with but two dollars in her purse. She took a cab, requesting to be taken to a respectable hotel, where the charges were reasonable; and where she purposed staying a few days till she could look around her, and find some means of supporting herself. The driver took her to a miserable tavern, kept by an Irish *virago*, where he left her, after exacting one dollar for taking her there. Now it would seem her cup of misery was full. But no, still greater trials awaited her. She passed a wretched night, and arose in the morning with the determination of leaving the house at once. She took no breakfast herself, and had only a cup of bread and milk for her child. She called for the mistress of the house, and informed her of her intention of leaving, and enquired the amount of her bill.—An exorbitant sum was charged—more than her

purse contained. She offered her last dollar, telling the woman it was all she possessed, at the same time complaining that the charges were high, as she had had only her lodging, and a cup of milk. This aroused the anger of the woman, and with harsh language and menacing threats, she refused to let her go till she had been paid the full sum demanded; at the same time locking the street door to prevent her escape. Loud talk, and profane language, issued from the bar-room adjoining, which was filled with low, drunken men, and she hesitated whether to rush through the crowd and thus gain the street. But in the midst of her trouble a pretended friend came to her rescue. A man in passing, heard the loud, angry talk of the woman, and stepped in to learn the cause. After listening to Mrs. Lane's story, he chided the woman severely, and offered, not only to pay the bill, but also to take Mrs. L. under his protection, and escort her wherever she wished to go. She had fears about placing herself in the hands of a stranger, but his gentlemanly appearance and fair words, and her earnest desire to escape from the house, overcame her scruples, and she suffered him to call a carriage to convey her to the United States Hotel. He entered the carriage with her and drove off. Upon entering the pretended hotel she soon saw that all was not right, and that she had been deceived. *He had taken her to a house of prostitution!* Bond—we think that was his name—immediately left her, and a woman entered the room. She invited Mrs. L. to go up stairs and lay off her hat and shawl. This Mrs. L. refused to do, and made an attempt to leave the house. Escape was impossible—she was locked in! She besought the woman to let her go—now, with the most heart-touching appeals to her sympathy—and now, by threatening her in the name of her husband, with punishment if she detained her. But all in vain. The woman seemed moved, but said she was responsible to the man for her safe keeping. Finding she could not induce Mrs. L. to go up stairs she left her and joined Bond, who awaited her in an adjoining room. She gave him the name of Mrs. L.'s husband and urged him to let her go. He had heard of Lane, and knew what his standing was in society and was half frightened from his purpose; but his base passion prevailed. He left the house telling the woman to make every effort to induce her to go up stairs—he would call in the evening, and if she had not succeeded they would force her to go. He called accordingly but found Mrs. L. still obstinate, sitting where they left her in the morning—her hat and shawl still on and her child in her arms. No effort of the woman had been sufficient to move her. According to agreement, they at once set about forcing her to the chamber. While they were dragging her from the room—she the meanwhile wringing her hands and shrieking for mercy—the door was burst open, and Mr. Lane stood before them!

The joy of his wife—the astonishment and fright of her persecutors, and the haste in which they made their escape may be imagined. Mr. L. returned home with his wife. No recriminations were made on either side, but he ever after treated her with more respect and consideration. This is the substance of the story. Our objections to it may be seen in the following letter:

Seneca Falls, Oct. 1850.

T. S. ARTHUR, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR—I have felt a strong desire since reading the conclusion of "Ruling a Wife" to give you a good scolding—but partly from a fear that you would not bear my lecture with a very good grace, and partly from want of time to devote to getting up a suitable one, I have forbore troubling you with the thoughts which have filled my head, and which have been poured forth in words not very flattering to you, in the ears of those to whom I have shown the story. But the ghost of that desire still haunts me, and as I have promised a friend that I would send for a copy of the Home Gazette for her, I cannot resist the inclination while writing to you in her behalf, to

give you a severe reprimand for the manner in which you treated poor Mrs. Lane, and thus her the sex at large.

I was pleased with the commencement of your story, and hoped that in you we poor 'weak vessels' had found one who would sympathize with us in our troubles, and nobly defend us when oppressed. But alas! you have only shown us that we are weak and helpless—incapable of taking care of ourselves or keeping out of harm's way. No matter to how bad a man a woman may be tied—no matter to how much insult and abuse she may be subjected—no matter if her high spirit be crushed, and her feelings and opinions treated with indifference and scorn, no matter if he who won her young heart with promises of undying love be transformed into a demon—an object of disgust and loathing—Mr. Arthur has shown us that it is useless for her to think of freeing herself from the shackles which are weighing her to the dust, and from the corroding sorrow which is gnawing at her heart strings. He has warned her that should she attempt it, she will fall into snares and dangers from which she is powerless to extricate herself, and which will speedily cause her to repent the step, and sigh to return; but from which there is no escape, till this same cruel lord from whom she has fled comes to her rescue.

Now Mr. Arthur, this is too bad, and I wish the women would raise such a buzz about your ears, as would cause you to repent of the great wrong done them, and compel you to speedily retract the injurious imputations cast upon them. I believe, sir, that any woman high souled enough to take the step which Mrs. Lane did, would be capable of taking care of herself and keeping her character unspotted. I believe there are thousands of wronged and degraded women, who, if they would throw off the yoke that binds them, would show to the world that it was only while enslaved that they were incapable of self protection, but that when freed they could provide for themselves, meet dangers, resist temptations, bid defiance to the libertine, or, if insulted, revenge the insult.

I am at a loss to determine what object you had in view, when writing that story. If it was really to show up overbearing, lordly husbands—if you approve of a woman standing on the defensive, and maintaining her position when she knows she is right, as did Mrs. Lane—then why subject poor Mrs. L. to so many trials when she fled from the insolence of her husband? If you wish to give a poor, caged bird freedom from the cruelty of him who confines it, pray don't clip its wings, so that instead of soaring aloft, it will fall into the claws of some hungry cat! Why did you not let "Mrs. Lane" show that she was equal to the emergency in which you placed her? Why not let her rise superior to so dependant, so *degrading* a position? Why not let her seek, and find, some honorable employment, where, if but for a day, she might support herself and child by her own independent exertions? Then, when her repentant husband sought her, she would not have been humbled by the thought that hereafter, let his treatment be what it might, he had good reason to know that she would submit, rather than again subject herself to such painful trials.

If, on the other hand your design was to teach woman that she is inferior, and that it is her duty to yield in all cases to her self-constituted lord and master, even though he be ignorant and brutalized—then you have accomplished your purpose.

I cannot think, however, that this is the lesson you wished to teach. Many things in the story, and the impressions I had previously formed of your kindly, generous nature forbid my arriving at such a conclusion. And yet—what shall we think? Indeed, Mr. Arthur, instead of elevating the character of woman, and teaching her to respect herself, you have humbled her in her own eyes, and those of the world, and caused her to blush with shame and indignation, that she—man's companion and equal—should be considered so weak and dependant.

much I have felt impelled to say in behalf of my sex. And will you not acknowledge me as just, and promise to make amends for the wrongs done us? If you will, I will promise on my part, that you shall be recalled into favor again, and the past be forgotten. Time presses, and I must close; which I do in the hope that you have listened to my lecture with none but kindly feelings towards the writer.

Respectfully yours,

AMELIA BLOOMER.

Mr. Arthur favored us with an answer to the above, in which he declined publishing our letter, lest it might lead to controversy on the subject of "Woman's Rights." As his letter was marked "private," we are not at liberty to lay it before our readers, but they can gather some of the writer's ideas from the following, which we sent him in reply:

SENECA FALLS, Oct. 13, 1850.

MR. ARTHUR:—

It was with no little surprise that I received and read yours of the 11th inst. I did not press the publication of my letter upon you, and if you chose to decline it, all that was necessary was to say so in your paper. But as you have taken the trouble of informing me by letter of your decision, I feel impelled to reply.

You address me as *Miss*, and from this I conclude you think me an *old maid*, who, disappointed in securing to herself one of the "lords of creation," has taken a dislike to the whole sex.—In this you are greatly mistaken. I have been more than ten years married, though the *honeymoon* has not yet passed. I claim that I have one of the very best of husbands, yet I should be loth to acknowledge him as my superior. It is my pleasure to comply with his wishes in all things consistent, and reasonable; and I hold that he is just as much bound to listen to, and obey my wishes, as I his—and in this, I am happy to say, we do not disagree. Should he attempt to "rule," I cannot say what the result would be. Perhaps I should take the same course as did your "Mrs. Lane," and leave him to rule the house without me—in which case I have no doubt I could take care of myself, and keep aloof from houses of prostitution. But as I have as yet seen no cause for such a step, I have not given the subject much consideration.

Really, Mr. Arthur, you have made my half-serious, half-playful letter, a more serious matter than I supposed. You have put a different construction upon it than was intended, by making it a question of "woman's rights." Surely, I said nothing of "woman's rights!" nothing that would lead to controversy; and if this was your real objection to publishing my letter, your fears were groundless. I insist upon it that you wronged the sex by subjecting "Mrs. Lane" to such trials. I think a woman should exercise great forbearance, and put up with many things hard to endure, before resorting to the extreme step of separation; yet I believe there is a point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue, and when it is both her right and duty to seek safety and peace in such a step. But, as I said before, no matter how rough and thorny her pathway—no matter what indignities are put upon her, you have, in that story, taught her that she must bear all in silence, even though it kill her, rather than attempt to free herself: for should she do so, she will meet with still greater trials from which she is powerless to extricate herself.

I have too good an opinion of my sex to admit that they are such weak, helpless creatures, or to teach them any such ideas. Much rather would I rouse them from their dependant, inferior position, and teach them to rely more upon themselves and less upon man; so that when called upon, as many of them are, and ever will be, to battle alone with the rough things of this world, they may go forth with confidence in their own powers of coping successfully with every obstacle, and with courage to meet whatever dangers and difficulties may lie in their way. The more

you impress this upon her mind, the more you show her that she is man's equal, and not his slave, so much the more you do to elevate woman to her true position. The present distinctions between the sexes have been made by man, and not by God. Man has degraded woman from the high position in which she was placed, as his companion and equal, and made of her a slave to be bought and sold at his pleasure. He has brought the Bible to prove that he is her lord and master, and taught her that resistance to his authority is resisting God's will. I deny that the Bible teaches any such doctrine. God made them different in sex, but equal in intellect—and gave them equal dominion. You deny that they are "intellectually equal." As a whole, I admit that at present they are not; though I think there have been individual cases where woman's equality cannot be denied. But at her creation no difference existed. It is the fault of education, that she is intellectually inferior. Give her the same advantages as men—throw open the doors of our colleges, and schools of science, and bid her enter—teach her that she was created for a higher purpose than to be a mere parlor ornament, or plaything for man—show her that you regard her as an equal, and that her opinions are entitled to consideration, in short, treat her as an intelligent, accountable being, and when all this has been done, then, if she prove herself not man's equal in intellect, I will yield the point and admit her inferiority. It is unjust to condemn her as inferior, when we consider the different education she has received, and the estimation in which she has ever been held, both in barbarous and civilized countries.

I had no idea of arguing with you the vexed question of "woman's rights," nor do I believe the publication of my letter would have called forth any controversy on that subject. All I expected was a few remarks in self defence from you.—The object of the letter was to counteract the impression given in your story, that without man's protection woman is incapable of taking care of herself—an impression greatly injurious to her. You do not think it so. Well I am sorry for it, inasmuch as many women have no such protection to rely upon, and are compelled, even though danger lies in the way, to depend upon their own efforts for subsistence for themselves and little ones. We are, by the laws and customs of society, rendered dependant and helpless enough at best; but it is both painful and mortifying to see our helplessness shown up to the world in such colors, and by such a writer as yourself. If instead of leading "Mrs. Lane" into such difficulties after she left her husband, you had allowed her to hire out as a *servant*—if nothing better presented itself—you would have done better justice to woman, set her a better example and more truly drawn her real character. But oh! the frightening her with that house of prostitution!

I think no candid reader will deny the justness of my article, or for a moment think it will admit of controversy. I found no fault with the story—claimed no rights for its heroine, except on one single point. You seem in your letter, to be replying more to the opinions set forth in the *Lily*, and giving me a lesson as to my duty, than answering my objections to your story. Whatever rights I may advocate for my sex in the *Lily*, has nothing to do with my opinion on the points referred to. Others who have said nothing, and thought as little, on the subject of woman's rights, have expressed the same opinion as myself in regard to the conclusion of the story.

I have failed to discover what connexion there is between the opinions expressed in my article, and your ideas of what constitutes a truly effective man. I am very happy however, to learn your views, and now that I understand you better, I promise you I will send you no more scolding letters. * * * Respectfully yours,

AMELIA BLOOMER.

We have not room for further remark on the subject of the above, though there is much that

we would say. We care not what the name, or how popular the writer, who holds up the weakness of woman to public view, so long as we have a pen to write, or a voice to speak, we shall defend our sex from such libelous imputations.—Woman has too long been kept in awe, and her powers of mind and body cramped and fettered by the false ideas in regard to her sphere, and her duty, which man has heretofore so successfully impressed upon the public mind. It is time she, herself, arouse, and teach him another lesson.

Grog Shops for Women.—A respectable New York paper positively asserts that there are certain secret places in that city, furnished in the most gorgeous style, and patronized almost exclusively by women of wealth and fashion, who go there first for ice-creams, fruit, &c., then for claret, champagne, brandy, mint juleps, sherry cobbler, and brandy slings.

We are glad they do it *secretly*. It shows they have more self-respect than their husbands, who go *openly* to their gorgeously decorated club houses, where they pass days and nights in a round of exciting games, and in feasting and drinking. Would it not be more respectable for husbands and wives to belong to the same club, and hold their meetings in their own parlors? *

THE WATER CURE JOURNAL.—This favorite monthly comes to us laden with its usual variety of good things. It really does one good, and puts new life into the worn-out system, to hear its writers discourse on disease, and talk about washing out, with pure cold water, the injuries done us by the drug-poisoning, blood-letting practice of the "old school." We are convinced that were a copy of this journal in the hands of every mother, many of the diseases which now afflict society, would soon cease to exist. It is a truly useful work, and we earnestly advise all, and especially every woman, to provide herself with a copy. A dollar can in no way be more profitably invested. Fowlers & Wells, Publishers, N. Y.

A contrivance for excluding draughts of air from rooms, has been invented. It is an elastic roll of fine wool to be neatly glued in the angle of the frame of the door-jamb, in which the door is embedded. It keeps out every breath of air.

May this contrivance die with the inventor!! In this age of close rooms, and hot stoves, and general dread of pure fresh air, we say blessings on the architect that leaves a few cracks beyond the ken of the tenant, where the air can whistle in and out at leisure. It is far better to put the fine wool around your bodies and let the air of your houses be as free and cold as you can endure with comfort. Depend upon it, there is far more suffering produced by excluding draughts of air from houses, than by giving the air free ingress.

It is owing to no fault of ours that our paper is issued at so late a day. The blame rests entirely with our printers, who have been so much engrossed with matters connected with the election that they have neglected us. We shall take good care to have the next number out in season.

Young ladies should be prevented from bandaging the chest. We have known three cases of insanity, terminating in death, which began in this practice.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

SONNET ON THE MUSQUITO.

The little musquito, the blood sucking scamp,
How demurely he sits till you blow out the
lamp:

Then he stretches his wings and lights on your
nose,

And does all he can to disturb your repose:
And if he can't bleed you with gimlet or blade,
He will fry the effect of his sweet serenade.
This last is the worst. How often I've sworn
That the locusts of Egypt were not half the
bore

Of these little tormentors let loose in the night
Who will sing you a song before taking a bite,
Now welcome, cold winter—the north wind
may blow—

I would welcome the rain, the sleet and the
snow,

I would e'en welcome St. Patrick to this our
fair land,

If in killing these wing'd devils he would lend
us a hand.

[Boston Post.]

CLARA SINCLAIR.

Clara Sinclair was an intelligent girl, studiously devoted to all her lessons, except arithmetic.

"Oh, mother!" she would exclaim, "this is arithmetic day. How I hate it."

"My daughter, do not make use of such expressions," said her mother. "Nothing is wanting but attention and perseverance, to make that study as agreeable as any other. If you pass over a rule carelessly, and say you do not understand it from want of energy to learn it, you will continue ignorant of important principles. I speak with feeling on this subject, for when I went to school, a fine arithmetician shared the same desk with me, and whenever I was perplexed by a difficult sum, instead of applying to my teacher for an explanation, I asked Amelia to do it for me.—The consequence is, that even now I am obliged to refer to others in the most trifling calculations. I expect much assistance from your perseverance, dear Clara," continued she, affectionately taking her hand.

Clara's eyes looked a good resolution, and she commenced the next day putting it in practice. Instead of being angry because she could not understand her figures, she tried to clear her brow to understand them better, and her tutor was surprised to find her mind rapidly opening to comprehend the most difficult rules. She now felt the pleasure of self-conquest, besides the enjoyment of her mother's approbation, and for many years steadily gave herself up to the several branches of mathematics.

Clara was the eldest of three children, who had been born in the luxuries of wealth. Mr. Sinclair was a merchant of great respectability, but in the height of his supposed riches, one of those failures took place, which often occur in commercial transactions, and his affairs became suddenly involved. A nervous temperament, and a delicate constitution, were soon sadly wrought upon by this misfortune. Mr. Sinclair's mind, perplexed and harassed, seemed sinking under the weight of anxiety. Clara was at this period sixteen years of age; her mind was clear and vigorous, and seemed ready, like a young fawn, for its first bound.

One cold autumnal evening, the children, with their wild gambols, were playing around the room, while Mr. Sinclair sat leaning his head upon his hand over a table covered with papers.—Mrs. Sinclair was busily employed in sewing, and Clara, with her fingers between the pages of a book, sat gazing at her father.

"Those children distract me," said Mr. Sinclair, in a sharp accent.

"Hush, Robert, come here Margaret," said Mrs. Sinclair gently; and she took one on her lap, and the other by her knee, and whispering to them a little story, calmed them to sleepiness, and then put them to bed.

When Mrs. Sinclair had left the room, Clara laid down her book, and stood by her father.

"Don't disturb me, child," said he, roughly; "my head aches."—Then recollecting himself, he took her hand, and continued, "Do not feel hurt, my dear; my mind is perplexed by these difficult accounts."

"Father," said Clara, with a smile, "I think I can help you, if you will let me try."

"You! my love," exclaimed her father, "why these papers would puzzle a wiser head than yours."

"I do not wish to boast father," said Clara, modestly, "but my teacher said to-day—" Clara hesitated.

"Well, what did he say?" asked Mr. Sinclair encouragingly.

"He said," answered Clara, blushing deeply, "that I was a quicker accountant than most men of business; and I do believe, father," continued she, earnestly, "that if you were to explain your papers to me, I could help you."

Mr. Sinclair smiled incredulously; but unwilling to check his daughter's wish for usefulness, he made some remarks, and opened his ledger. Insensibly he found himself entering with her into the labyrinth of numbers. Mrs. Sinclair came in on tiptoe, and seated herself softly at the table to sew. The accounts became more and more complicated, but Mr. Sinclair seemed to gain energy under the clear, quick eye of his child; her unexpected sympathy inspired him with new powers. Hour after hour passed away, and his spirits rose at every chime of the village clock.

"Wife," said he, suddenly, "if this girl gives me aid like this, I shall be in a new world to-morrow."

"My beloved child," said Mrs. Sinclair, pressing Clara's fresh cheek to her own.

Twelve o'clock struck before Clara left her father, when she commended herself to God, and slept profoundly. The next morning, after seeking his blessing, she repaired to Mr. Sinclair, and sat by him, day after day, until his books were faithfully balanced.

"Father," said she, "you have tried me, and find me worth something; let me keep your books until you can afford a responsible clerk, and give me a little salary to buy shells for my cabinet."

Mr. Sinclair accepted the proposition. Clara's cabinet increased in beauty, and the finished female hand-writing in his books and papers, was a subject of interest and curiosity to his mercantile friends.

[Mrs. Caroline Gilman.]

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

LEM SMITH, the "cute and philosophical editor of the *Madison Record*, tells the following witty fable, which is as good as anything we have seen out of *Æsop*. A pin and a needle, says this *American Fontaine*, being neighbors in a workbasket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long."

"Why not?"

"Because you always have a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again."

"I'll put your eye out if you touch me; remember your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon

broke off the needle at the eye. Then she took the thread around the neck of the pin, and, tempting to sew with it, she soon pulled it loose, off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin.

"It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle.

"How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lay down in the dust together, as we do."

RUM AND ITS VENDER.

A few years ago, a poor miserable victim of intemperance, after squandering all he possessed at a neighboring rum store, died, leaving four small children to be provided for by his abused and almost heart-broken widow. After struggling on for some time in poverty and want, she was advised to apply for work to the wife of a wealthy rum-seller who had been the ruin of her husband. In compliance with this advice she waited upon this person, who, with the appearance of kindness, offered to supply her with sewing. She then gave her a couple of shirts to make at twenty-five cents each, promising that if they were made to her satisfaction she would supply a number more. Upon bringing them home she was told that they gave full satisfaction, but the lady said she was not in the habit of paying for work until it amounted to five dollars, and she would supply her with work to that amount. The poor woman toiled night and day to make up eighteen more shirts to earn this amount, in the meanwhile being driven by want actually to beg and boil potato parings to keep her poor children alive. At length the shirts were all finished. The poor woman set out to carry them home, thinking all the way of the five dollars, and the food it would buy for her famishing children; and it never seemed to her that five dollars was so much money before. Upon delivering them they were pronounced well done, and the poor woman was asked for her bill. The rum-seller's wife then called for her husband, and after conversing a few moments in an under tone, he put his hand into his pocket and took out a *due-bill*, signed by her murdered husband, for five dollars, and presented it to the poor woman for her pay. She uttered a scream and fell senseless upon the floor, and had to be carried home to her starving babes, to awaken to a sense of the hunger and wretchedness caused by these fiends in human shape.

[J. B. Gough.]

HANDWORK OF MISS FILLMORE.—None of the articles on exhibition at the Fair of the American Institute, in New York, just now, attracts more notice than a large Gothic arm chair, backed and cushioned with beautifully wrought needle work, in worsted, the handwork of the daughter of Millard Fillmore, President of the United States.

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